

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

VOLUME V.—NO. 35.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

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Maria Weston Chapman, Editors.
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All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. Gay, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

"The Peculiar Institution."

From the Advocate of Moral Reform.

SKETCHES BY THE WAY-SIDE, OR LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A TRAVELLER.

The following narrative, strange as it may seem to the reader, is strictly true. The circumstances were related to a gentleman of high standing in the community, by the benevolent friend at whose house William first stopped, in Pennsylvania, and they were afterward corroborated by one who had just returned from Canada, where he had met with William, who was in a respectable business there, and had received the account from his own lips. They prove that "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction." As a proof likewise of love stronger than death, which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown they may interest your readers.

William was a slave, belonging to the plantation of the Hon. Wm. C. of South Carolina. He was a mulatto, of fine appearance and uncommon intelligence, and, as the coachman of his master, enjoyed many privileges denied to others of his class; he had formed an attachment for a young Quadroon who was the personal attendant of her mistress, and who had profited to the utmost by the few opportunities afforded her, so that in mind and manners she was far superior to many who looked down upon her, as a slave, with contempt. Her personal appearance was likewise uncommonly attractive, and poor William soon found, that though his attachment was warmly returned, and she had become convinced that her last hour was rapidly approaching. They were in the midst of an extensive forest, far from the habitations of man, and this, under other circumstances, would have aggravated their misery. But who can describe, or conceive, the agony of the heart-broken husband, as he gazed on the faded form of the wife of his bosom, the companion of his sufferings and toils, the being who was literally all the world to him, and without whom even paradise would be a desert. Pale, emaciated, but still lovely, with both her attenuated hands fondly clasping his, and her large dark eyes fixed on him with the tender, confiding expression of infancy, she lay like a bruised flower in his arms, calmly awaiting the dread summons which was to leave him alone, without one ray of hope or comfort from the future. Alas! he was not to be undisputed. A gentleman (?) on a visit to his master, saw the beautiful Quadroon, took a fancy to her, and by the payment of a large sum of money, became her legal owner. True, she was known to be the wife of William, who was devotedly attached to her, and it was known, too, that she was purchased as the intended paramour of her master, who was a married man, but William might soon console himself with another, and the feelings of the wretched girl were not once taken into the account. Indeed, as a slave, what right had she to feelings on the subject? So she was torn away from home, and husband, and friends, and carried by her new master to Alabama. William locked up his sense of the wrong done him in his own bosom, and though his misery taught was hosted, and his brow was always clouded, he attended to his duties with the same faithfulness and precision as before. But his sleeping and waking thoughts were always full of one image—that of his beloved Lucy, separated from him forever, and compelled to forget, in the arms of a stranger, the husband who would gladly have died to save her from this dreadful fate. Could he not even now rescue her? The very thought was rapture, but how was it to be accomplished? Alabama seemed to him almost in another world, and the fearful risks he ran in attempting to escape were vividly present to his mind. Still the idea haunted him continually, and while his soul was thus agitated, an unexpected opportunity was presented to carry his plan into execution. His master was away from home for the winter, and a friend of his mistress who had been long promising her a visit, wrote to request that the carriage might be sent for her, as she was now in readiness to fulfil her engagement. This lady resided two hundred miles from the plantation of Mr. C. in the interior of the State, and thither William was despatched with the carriage and horses, to bring the expected visitor. He was obliged to wait a few days for the lady, and while there, among strangers, and without anything to occupy him, he first formed the definite determination to escape, and make one effort to be free. He was able in some degree to count the cost, and knew that if he failed, a fate worse than death awaited him, but the love of liberty was strong within him, and his resolution was taken. But his wife, should he escape and leave her behind, or should he seek the far South, and endeavor to find her, and make her the companion of his flight? A moment he hesitated, for the star of freedom pointed to the North, and he knew not in what part of the State to seek his Lucy, but love triumphed, and the day before he was to have started for home, and suffering had vanished, he could almost rejoice that her pilgrimage was over, and she had found the rest of the grave.

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From that day, the privations and sufferings of the fugitives were increased ten fold; and poor Lucy, who bore them all with heroic fortitude, and unshaken courage, was evidently drooping. She made no complaint, and exerted herself even more than before; but a constant fever wasted her strength, and a racking cough told too plainly that her days were numbered. For some weeks they journeyed on, while her emaciated form was frequently borne in the arms of her poor husband, until from sorrow and fatigue, he was compelled to drop the precious burden, and throw himself on the ground utterly exhausted. Lucy was sensible that she was dying, and her only remaining wish was, to reach a free State, that her last breath might be drawn beneath a free sky, and with the blessed breeze of freedom faning her fevered brow. For this, she bore up, with a courage and energy almost superhuman, but it was not to be. They had entered Maryland, and were exulting in the prospect of soon reaching Pennsylvania, when her strength failed, and she became convinced that her last hour was rapidly approaching. They were in the midst of an extensive forest, far from the habitations of man, and this, under other circumstances, would have aggravated their misery. But who can describe, or conceive, the agony of the heart-broken husband, as he gazed on the faded form of the wife of

ject as at present advocated a few words presently. It is assigned as a reason for wishing this reduction in the price of labor, that the cultivation of sugar will not allow such high wages—strange, indeed, if this were true, that many estates which have since freedom been doing well, (and many such were pointed out to me,) strange that such have this year broken up more ground, and put in very many more cane plants than formerly. But if it were true that the present mode of cultivating sugar in Jamaica would not pay—could no improvement be suggested that would leave the earnings of the labor untouched? If the pruning knife must be applied, are there not other places where it might be more judiciously and efficiently applied than in cutting down his poor pittance? Verily there are. To justify this attempted reduction in labor, it is said that a laborer can live for next to nothing in Jamaica. I grant it is true, that he can live very cheaply there, if he can be content with the simple vegetable productions of his own soil, and which he can cultivate for himself at little cost, if he will devote part of his time to such cultivation—but in such case he could not give what the planter requires, i.e. continuous labor on the estate. But if such continuous labor be given, must purchase his food, and then I affirm, without fear of contradiction, that it would cost him twice or thrice as much to live as it would the laboring class in Cincinnati, Ohio. And how would they fare with twenty-five cents a day, living as cheaply as they do? But it is objected that the wife can cultivate these provision grounds, while the husband labors on the estate. Granted. But what a shameful proposition conceals itself under a suggestion so specious and apparently fair. It is this—that the poor wife shall toil to feed herself, her children, and husband, that he may toil for a bare twenty-five cents for the planter. May all Jamaica's sugar plantations perish before her peasantry are reduced to such a sad condition. Whether, then, he has to buy his food, or work for it, how can be expected to work for less than he does? I have seen men working for thirty-seven and a half cents per day, who, after a day's toil, have no stronger food than bread and salt fish, and sometimes island vegetables, with a cup of coffee in the morning, and sometimes not that; as often as otherwise, having nothing more so than bread, as they call it, i.e. bread alone. Who then can blame the laborer for resisting a further reduction of his wages if he can do it successfully? Who then, that possesses the soul of a man, will not command his independence? The cruel soul that would deny the exercise of such feelings to a man because his face is black, is not to be reasoned with—reason would be lost on him who has none himself.

But where, then, should the work of retrenchment commence? Should the salaries of overseers and book-keepers be reduced? By no means; they rarely are paid too much. If they are required at all, they are by no means too well paid. But in most cases one of the two might be dispensed with altogether. A good overseer is all that is required; and the book-keeper and attorney, too, might be dismissed with great advantage to the proprietor; the book-keeper, because there are no books for him to keep; the name, though a high sounding one to us, being a perfect misnomer in its application to the Jamaica agent, book-keeping being no part of his business. The book-keeper is but the overseer's drudge, with which he might as readily dispense as not. And as to the attorney—well were it for Jamaica's prosperity if there were not one on the island. He is in most cases the root of all evil; generally a half dozen, or more, housekeepers, (mistresses) who, though they do no labor, are mostly paid as laborers, and their time charged to the proprietor as such. Men in such circumstances cannot be expected to feel a deep interest in their employer's success. With them, "comes night, comes ninenight;" their salary is the first paid, because paid by themselves; they finger the cash. They are not solicitous to secure labor for the estate; if the laborers will work on their terms, all is well and good; if they will not, there is no compromise or conciliation—without ceremony they are sent about their business. The attorney can easily deceive the absentee proprietor, and persuade him the fault rests with the people; that they are fractious, or lazy, or exhortant and will not work; and as can easily obtain his consent to aim at the lowest possible reduction of wages, so that the laborer would be a fool to yield to such terms, and when little or no labor can be obtained for such estates, they are thrown up—a source of loss and regret to all but the attorney. To the laborer, because there is less demand for his labor; to the overseer, because he now loses his situation; to the owner, because now no sugar goes to England for him; but as to the attorney, with nothing to do, his salary goes on, his housekeepers must be retained to keep house, and his salary goes on for what? for seeing the fields and houses don't run away before they can be sold or rented. And every obstacle will by him be thrown in the way of selling or leasing the estate, unless he be able to fit himself well knowing that on the sale or lease of the estate, spoil so rich and valuable would be wrenched from his grasp.

A great saving on the plantation might be effected by the proper application of labor either manual or other, and by the introduction of improved machinery; to which, however, there is but little attention paid. But there is little reason to hope for this, while estates are owned by absentees, and managed by attorneys; the same old plodding, beaten track being generally still pursued as in the days of Slavery. It is true that improvements have in some cases been introduced to some extent; but such improvements might be greatly improved upon; for instance, the plough is an improvement upon the old system of hoeing, where the land will admit of its use, and I saw hundreds of acres of land that had been thus ploughed. But would you believe it? I saw six, and in one case seven, yoke of oxen drawing one plough with one man to steady the plough, and two men to steady the team; one man on each side to keep the oxen, (who are unwieldy, unmanageable creatures) in a straight line—thus fourteen oxen and three men were employed on a piece of work that might have been performed much better by two strong mules and one man. This was on the plantation of an absentee, but I guess he was not a Yankee, nor his attorney either, or he would have devised a more economical application of labor. In some cases overseers have been dismissed for introducing improvements, and departing from the old plans. In fact, it does not become an overseer to wiser than the attorney, but simply follow his instructions; and as the attorney has the power in all cases of dismissing or continuing agents under himself, it is the interest of the overseer to consult the whims of the attorney, however much they may militate against the interest of the employer. The cost of all this mismanagement, waste, and spoilage, is put down against the poor black man, with how much justification I leave the impartial to decide. A balance sheet is prepared at the end of the year, and a balance is struck—the estate is brought in debt, (and it would be marvellous if it were otherwise,) then the cry is raised, the island is ruined because the people will not work. Now the poor black man would have to work hard enough—yes, all day and all night, too, for his thirty-seven and a half cents, to make up such fearful odds as this,—nay, it would be impossible, by cutting down his pittance ever so low, to render the prodigality and mismanagement evident elsewhere.

On estates managed by resident proprietors, and where, of course, they feel interested in their own success, affairs wear a much better aspect. They generally pursue the system of job work, which gives the laborer the opportunity of employing his utmost physical force. The employer gets more work done in a day, and the laborer, by working harder and longer, can earn more than he could by day labor. These resident proprietors can and do get continuous labor; they can make sugar, and make their estates pay. I could not hear of a single resident proprietor, who had capital to carry on his one estate, who was not doing well. Nor can I hear of an estate thrown up, managed by a resident proprietor. He is on the ground, can hire laborers at the current rate of labor, and keep them

when so hired. It is his interest to do so, even should it be at the expense of a little of that false dignity which he once possessed; while the pampered attorney, with no stake at risk, nursed in the lap of Slavery, accustomed to almost illimitable sway, with his employer's interests sacrificed rather than submit his will and feelings to the change which the great change of circumstances between slavery and freedom has rendered necessary. But in many instances, he will rather exult in a ruin, though occasioned by himself, that will build up his own fortune.

Non-residence, then, appears to be the great evil.

Jamaica then is the spot for them—for though some of the natives of Africa have returned to the country dissatisfied, MARK IT! dear colonization friends, not one of those who had tried Liberia first wished to leave Jamaica, notwithstanding the low wages paid for labor. Oh, what paradise, then, is Liberia to be.

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And here it must be borne in mind that since emancipation a very great alteration has been made in the schedule of taxation by the colonial legislature in favor of Abolitionists. This you cannot do, and you may depend, that your strokes will fall harmless on those you intend to injure, and recoil with ten-fold weight on your own heads. If this war is not ended, it will leave a black spot on the character of many a good Abolitionist, and when this stream of bitter waters shall have passed away, none will regret it more than those who have been most engaged in it. If you would reflect for a moment upon the grief and bitterness of spirit you inflict upon the best supporters of the cause, and the rejoicing of the friends of human degradation, who laugh and make sport of his weakness and folly, you would, I think, come to a pause at least.

The laborer would have but little cause to complain of the introduction of foreign labor, though its avowed object were, to cut down the price of his, were the cost of importing such labor borne exclusively by the parties for whose interest, supposed or real, such importation was made. But here is the singular injustice and villainy of this legislation. He is taxed on what he eats, on what he drinks, on the clothes that cover him, on his horse, if he rides one, on his dog, if he keeps one, on his house, if he lives in one, on his land, if he has a lot, on the stamp on the title deed by which it is conveyed to him; he is taxed in every possible shape and form; and out of these taxes, so much of which must, of necessity, come from the laboring classes, where they are so numerous, £30,000 is coolly voted by the Legislature to cover the expenses of bringing a number of foreign laborers to the island to reduce his thirty-seven and a half cents to twenty-five cents, to turn him out of employment, and take from him the means of gaining an honest livelihood as far as it can be done. It is in fact like paying an assassin to cut one's own throat. And besides this, anticipating the arrival of these Hill Coolies, who are noted for their immorality, an island militia is to be embodied from these very laborers, who will be turned out regularly to drill, and will lose their time while being drilled, and then must hold themselves in readiness to be called out for active service at any time to keep these emigrants in proper order. What monstrous legislation!

The overseer is heavily taxed to have his bread taken out of their mouths, and then by law, become an armed, unpaid police, to watch their foes. Their cost requires deep sympathy rather than censure, which so many are willing to mete out. They will long require the watchful eye of Christian philanthropy, especially of their British friends, to preserve them from oppression.

Under the affliction of this accumulation of wrongs, it had been no matter of surprise if the poor man had given way to some ebullition or feeling which had caused grief to his friends; but no—being guided and counselled by those who have ever been his best friends, he has nobly, patiently borne it all, merely using his constitutional privilege of making known his grievances to the Legislature through public meetings, and by petition and memorial to the Government.

Deeply sympathizing, as the free blacks of Jamaica do with the slaves in this country, and well knowing how much on a wrong step may retard the onward march of freedom here, and throughout the world, and how far their consistent deportment may influence the destiny of the slave in every country, they are most anxious to realize the sanguine wishes of their friends, confound the machinations of their foes, falsify their predictions, and prove to the world the policy as well as safety of immediate emancipation. And may the God of Justice give them success.

Yours, respectfully. X. Y. Z.

there is plenty of room for all they can send, unless the tide of emigration flows immeasurably faster than it has done to Liberia. They will be received too, and no questions asked—ever should they go under circumstances similar to the adventures of the Creole. The array of names presented as the active, energetic, enterprising agents of the above society, is in all charity a sufficient guarantee that benevolence, the very quintessence of pureness, lies at the bottom of their zeal, the whisperings of their envy to the contrary notwithstanding; if so, then of course the same high, worthy and noble motive would direct for their location the place where they would be most happy.

Even if it were true, (which I do not believe,) that Third Party was founded by "bad men—with bad motives," it would not follow that the thousands who have since entered the Society, are of the same character. You may say they are a voting, praying, psalm-singing, church-going people, as the phrase is, and opposed to woman's rights; which may all be true, without committing themselves on the main question, for every man has a perfect right to choose his religion or political creed. But when you say they are not friends of Emancipation, not opposed to chattel slavery, you must excuse the world for not believing you, for they know the contrary. The public understand the question, and why not leave them to appreciate its merits? they know that Abolitionists are divided into two parties, one party depending altogether on intellectual and moral means for the overthrow of slavery, the other on physical and physical; that is, moral suasion and the ballot-box. It is in vain for either party to try to rob the other of the character of Abolitionists. This you cannot do, and you may depend, that your strokes will fall harmless on those you intend to injure, and recoil with ten-fold weight on your own heads.

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portant object; and as indicating the existence of that fountain of human sympathy to which we look for aid in the great cause of freedom, and as an instance of fidelity to their highest convictions in the managers of the institution, we rejoice heartily in their success, wishing them the additional and deeper satisfaction of sharing with us in the deliverance of our whole country from disgrace, and our compatriots from wrong and slavery. This ought they to do, and not to leave the other side.

A second, and even to be deprecated obstacle, lay in the apathy of men and women to see some easy and self-indulgent way to gratify the natural sympathy for suffering; some by which they could delude themselves into the belief, that they were relieving it without pain to themselves; as the boy claimed to be sharpening the axe while he turned the wheel without pressure of the instrument upon the grindstone. This is an exact illustration of the Liberty party instrumental, and mode of operation, in its best, i. e. its abstract aspect: and the delusion ever operates disastrously on the cause; while the effect of the Liberty party, in the concrete, is to dislodge by its baseness, the very name of Anti-Slavery, and to endeavor, whenever a cent may be made by the mistake, to pass itself off as identical with Anti-Slavery.

From the first hour of the secession of the leaders of the Liberty party from the Anti-Slavery movement, we have been most solicitous to do nothing which should give to the public the idea, then so much deprecated by them, that there was the smallest affinity between them and the American Society, and its auxiliaries: and previous to the opening of the Fair, we gave notice, in unequivocal terms, of the fact of the entire discrepancy between the Liberty party and the Anti-Slavery movement, of which we are the promoters. In giving this notice, we are careful to give the Liberty party and the New-Organization, the names of their own choice. The action on its part was as follows:

"We are requested to state that the Fair now in operation at the Marlboro' Hall, Washington street, has no connection with the anti-Sabbath, no-government, woman's rights Fair, which is to be held some time during the present year."—*Boston Morning Post*.

The action is the opposition forced out, the perfect exponent, in all its horrible and malevolent falsehood, of the Liberty party spirit of enmity to our cause. It labors throughout the year—at home and abroad—in city and country—but more in private than in public—to deprive the Anti-Slavery agents of places of meeting—to hinder the people from listening to the truth that might save the nation from destruction—and by every possible device of calumny and fraud, to divert funds and sympathy from our operations.

We occasionally receive letters like the following in effect:—"We send you our little contribution for the Fair, with heartiest good-will. We anticipated sending you something of more value, for at our first gathering we were a large number; but, before we had time to act the Liberty party and the pro-slavery clergy united in a popular clamor of "Infidelity," &c., and produced the effect they desired, in quenching the sympathy which was kindling for the cause in this place."

Between the ill effects wrought by the evil members of this party, in connection with the most hopelessly pro-slavery classes of the community, in awakening an indiscriminating suspicion of the very name of Anti-Slavery, which they have abused with such shameless hypocrisy, it is felt by all the hearty and disinterested members of the Anti-Slavery cause, (and for the most part, in exact proportion to their interest and activity do they feel it,) that the cause has at this moment no obstacle to contend with so deadly as that paralysis of the moral sense induced by action with the Liberty Party.

When, in view of all obstacles, the cause, as measured by the success of the Fair, is found to have made so much progress since last year, it affords cause of warm congratulation, and gives us the assurance that all such obstructions must go down before the onset of victorious truth.

The Fair closed with a joyful and animated gathering from various parts of the country and the State; though a feeling of sympathy in the bereavement of our friends, the Hutchinsons, somewhat changed the festive character, we had thought to give to the entertainment. The noble speeches of Messrs. Phillips, Douglass, and Garrison, will be given hereafter, as time permits us to write them out.

There has been in past years, (even after the few first well-conducted Fairs held in Boston,) a prejudice in many minds against this mode of aiding any good purpose.

It was a justly founded prejudice, occasioned by the mismanagement of many such undertakings. We are happy to find that the excellent order, the judicious arrangements, the rigid economy, the exact accounts, of the American Society itself, it would not be restored by the Board without the consent of the City Society, my inference is that they regarded their possession as good law, whether "honestly or fraudulently" obtained, was a natural, if not a necessary one. At any rate, it seemed the inevitable one, not only to me, and to those of my way of thinking, but to impartial persons, entirely disengaged from the Anti-Slavery movement. The whole gamut of the matter lay in the fraudulent character of the transaction. If the American Board had acted honestly in the transfer, the City Board had no occasion to resort to any such circular mode of reasoning, to justify their refusal to re-transfer. It was their own to do what they would with it. Their reply would be substantially, in the civilest of language, of course, "Gentlemen, it is none of your business. The paper is honestly ours, and we shall do what we like with it." I certainly did not suppose that Mr. Jay, after listening to the "strong legal arguments" of eminent lawyers, founded upon a statement of facts, which if not verified by evidence, it was only because it was not called for, would assume the very point at issue, and rest the title of the Society to the paper, upon the honesty of the original transfer. I supposed, and so did others, that he admitted the substantial truth of the statements and arguments of the conferring Committee, but still held that the paper having come into the possession of the Society by the action of the Board, could not be parted with, without recourse to the Society. This certainly seemed to be the doctrine of a very young lawyer, but it appeared to be the natural meaning of Mr. Jay's language. He has now disclaimed such meaning, and he is entitled to the benefit of the disclaimer.

Mr. Jay expresses, in the course of his letter, the true secret of his concurrence in this transaction. It was his unquestioning reliance upon the men composing the American Committee, and his readiness to believe, without inquiry, that whatever they did was necessarily right. This I had always believed to have been the fact. I never thought Mr. Jay capable of consenting to what he believed to be a dishonest or unhandsome transaction. His misfortune was in placing his confidence in men who did not deserve it. His fault will be, if he endeavors to make their wrong appear a right, because he was unfortunately mixed up with it. I do not believe that Mr. Jay meant to do a dishonest action in receiving the Emancipator, any more than I do, that he deliberately told the calumnious falsehoods contained in his Address, put forth on the eve of that meeting. He acted in both cases as the mouthpiece and instrument of men whom he did not believe could lie or cheat. He was to blame in both instances, but in a very different measure from his principals. He can place himself in the same category with them if he choose, but I have never placed him there, and should deeply lament to see him put himself in such a predicament.

There was nothing in all the meanness and the wickedness of that unhappy time, that more deeply stirred my indignation, than the manner in which that Committee involved Mr. Jay in this transaction. It was no common act of turpitude for men of mature life and long experience, to make use of the illustrious and venerable name—a name which I was always taught to regard as the second, and which I have learned to consider as the first, in our history,—of a young man, scarcely arrived at majority, as a cover for their base and treacherous betrayal of the cause entrusted to their hands. It was no small aggravation of their guilt, to misuse the confidence of such a young man in them, to implicate him in a dirty transaction, which, from its very nature, can never be forgotten, the odor of which will adhere to him to the end of the longest life. It was very base. They knew perfectly well what they were about. They, no doubt, supposed they would be able to smother

MARY WESTON CHAPMAN.

Note.—In the list of towns which made donations to the Fair, the name of Detham was accidentally omitted.

Counter Annexation.

A petition is in circulation, in Detroit, Michigan, for the Annexation of Canada. The petitioners pray that negotiations may be opened for the cession of Canada, and that in any proceeding for the Annexation of Texas, a provision be inserted that it shall not take place till Can-

ada can also be annexed. The reasons set forth are, first, that the addition to the South of Texas would require the addition of Canada to the North in order to maintain the just balance of the Union; and secondly, that the acquisition of Canada is, in itself, a desirable acquisition for the United States. What will become of the slaves if we extend the area of Freedom northward also? God grant that no more soil may be ceded with such Republicanism as we have.

Mr. John Jay and the Emancipator.

The Standard of January 9th contains a letter from Mr. John Jay, in reply to my remarks upon his letter touching the Emancipator, contained in the Standard of October 3d. Mr. Jay complains that I had recourse in that article to "perversion of language, and defamation of character." I hardly need deny having had any such intention. Mr. Jay knows that I have no reason to entertain, and I know that I do entertain, no feelings toward him, personally, other than of the friendliest character. I still think that the language used by him in his first letter justified the inference I made from it, though of course his present statement will be received as an explanation of how he meant it to be understood. Mr. Jay's complaint is, that I stated that the ground on which he rested the defense of the City Society was, that "if," according to the doctrine of the American Society, "the American Board had no right to transfer the Emancipator to the City Board, without the consent of the American Society, then the City Board, being in possession, (whether honestly or fraudulently,) had no right to re-transfer without the consent of the City Society." This inference, "whether honestly or fraudulently," he thinks was not authorized by a single word or syllable in his letter. I will quote the passages of his letter from which I deduced it. Mr. Jay says in that letter:

"During their sittings, (the American Society's,) in New-York, in May, 1840, I was waited upon at my office by a Committee of gentlemen, consisting of Ellis Gray Loring, Esq. of Boston, Mr. Earle, of Philadelphia, and others, at whose request a meeting of the City Board was convened.

"There was more than usual harmony. Even that "feast of Conventions," Abigail Folsom, failed to distract attention from the object of the meeting. The people came to listen and to learn, and not to be amused. Once it was found necessary to remove her, but excepting the slight disturbance which this occasioned for the moment, it had no other effect. Nobody protested, and nobody, of course, found it necessary to defend an act, the propriety of which was so apparent. The time has passed when the people rejoice at any and every obstacle which can be thrown in our way. They begin to learn that this is matter in which their dearest rights and interests are involved. But a full account will appear in the next paper of this occasion, which has filled all hearts with gladness, and strengthened our hopes almost into certainty that the end we seek is almost gained. It needs only to arouse the people to their own, and the slaves' wrongs, and the speedy overthrow of Slavery is certain. The people are awoke."

"These gentlemen plainly intimated to the Board their belief, that the Executive Committee had acted fraudulently in transferring the Emancipator, and that the City Society had become parties to the fraud by accepting the transfer. They urged upon the Board, and supported the position with strong legal argument, that the Executive Committee had no authority to dispose of the paper without the consent of the Society. That no matter with whom, or by what funds, or in what way soever, the Emancipator originated, it had become the property of the Executive Committee; therefore the property of the Society by whom it was originated, and whom it represented, and that even if they had the legal right to assign it to whom they pleased, they had no moral right to do so without the sanction of the body to whom it actually belonged; and they, therefore, asked its re-transfer, on the ground that the Society had in its corporate capacity, disapproved of the act, and demanded that it should be annulled."

"As far as my recollection serves me, the Managers briefly but strongly expressed their conviction of the integrity of the gentlemen by whom the transfer to them had been made, and after noticing the arguments on which the re-transfer was demanded, witt: that when the Emancipator became the property of the Committee, it became the property of the Society, and could not be disposed of without their consent, they said that if this position was correct, they had no right to re-transfer it; because by the transfer to them, it had legally become the property of the New-York City Society, whom they represented."

Mr. Jay intimates that if these gentlemen "had presented to us, no vague suspicous merely, but satisfactory proof, that a fraud had been perpetrated," and then the City Society had retained its possession, my language would have been justifiable. I was not upon that Committee, and consequently cannot state whether the proof was adduced or not; but if not, it must have been because the facts upon which Messrs. Loring and Earle rested their "strong legal arguments," were not denied. For the proof was at hand, and could have been produced, in the handwriting of the transferring Board, if it had been demanded. And as far as weight of opinion went, that of counsel learned in the law, like Messrs. Loring and Earle, might at least be supposed to countervail that of Messrs. Tappan, Leavitt, &c. as to the character of a business transaction. When therefore, the City Board said that the paper had legally become the property of the City Society, (these facts, being, as I supposed, admitted,) and that on the principles of the American Society itself, it would not be restored by the transfer, the following extract, from a letter to the Cincinnati Gazette, will be read with interest. The writer appears to be a Kentuckian, and can hardly be expected to see that this latest attempt to curtail, in some slight measure, the slave power, came so near being successful, and, indeed, was only made, in obedience to the spirit which "modern fanaticism" has raised, and which modern abolitionist cannot lay. These are things which mark the progress of our cause, and which we shall have more pleasure and more hope than those in his position can, because we see clearly their cause and their effects. He "reliably believes" that it was not for the Abolitionists, the people of Kentucky would be prepared in five years to begin to do something for gradual emancipation. I believe, no less reluctantly, that within the same period, they will be prepared to finish the work of immediate abolition, because the Abolitionists have done what they have:

"The House, to-day, had close voting on a bill to take the sense of the people in regard to calling a Convention to amend the Constitution of the State. A motion to lay on the table was lost by yeas forty to nays forty-three, not a full house; but on the question to read the bill a second time, it was rejected by a tie vote, forty-four to forty-four. This puts an end to the question this session, committing so wicked an act as attending the Anti-Texas Convention, which was held, probably, yesterday, in Fanueil Hall. The Morning News, of this city, has always been faithful, but the Evening Post won't be whipped in. The following is the paragraph from the Enquirer:

"We rejoice that those deserting Democrats, who oppose this vital question, which Mr. Polk so anxiously desires to be settled at this session, WILL HAVE NOTHING TO EXPECT FROM HIS ADMINISTRATION. Those Northern Democrats who avail themselves of this critical contest with our great transalantic rival, to indulge their fanatical hatred of the South, will find themselves mistaken in their calculations—marked by a great national sentiment in their favor—and we dare to say, that if they should defeat us, we shall have, at least, the consolation of knowing that they will be, hereafter, defeated in their own aspirations."

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Mr. Hubbard.

The Governor of Louisiana, thus concludes his Message transmitting Mr. Hubbard's letters to the Legislature:

In connection with this subject, I have thought it not advisable to transmit for your consideration, two letters from a person claiming to be the agent for this city, in the person of the Texas question. This is done, not because the individual or his letters are deemed worthy of your notice, nor that they may possibly indicate the expediency of such further legislation, as to how to guard the State in future, from the intrusion of any such emissary.

A. MOUTON.

Mexico.—Later intelligence from Mexico has been received, by which it appears that the rumor of the defeat of Santa Anna by Paredes, is unfounded. Santa Anna has under his command an army of twelve thousand men,

and is in full force to repel the invasion of the United States.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1845.

The defaulter Clerk has been held to bail in the sum of \$45,000. I understand his political friends at a distance have sent in already, the sum of \$30,000 towards making up the deficiency.

On Monday, the 20th, the Texas question begins to look very sectional. The Committee was addressed by Mr. Hammatt, of Mississippi, whose speech amounted to a speech on the constitutionality and expediency of Annexation.

Mr. Hudson made a most argumentative dispassionate Anti-Slavery exposé. He was followed by little Marsh, of Vermont, who came thundering down on the South severely. He was followed by that strong Southern man, Mr. Rhett, of South Carolina, in his most able style, in a speech on the constitutionality and expediency of Annexation.

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Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.
TO THE ADHERENTS OF THE FREE CHURCH.

BY OSWALD MURRAY.

Are ye, too, slaves to Southern gold,
Are ye, too, to be bought and sold;
And shall your coward priests defend
Of Slavery, for its recompence;
Go forth to that unhappy clime
Of wrong and cruelty and crime,
With your authority, your name,
To consecrate the deed of shame!
Shall now the tyrant slave-whip crack
On man's tired limbs and woman's back;
Shall now the midnight air, shriek-riven,
Bear woman's insult up to heaven;
Shall now the fitter tighter bind
The liberties of human kind;
Shall now the year of Jubilee
For these poor victims, farther be
Driven on in dim futurity;
And shall your lips and consciences
Be bought the bloody thing to bless
By an ignoble bribe like this;
Because your priests are pleased to hold
The master's hand for his vile gold?

By all the holy ties that start,
Impulsively in human heart;
By all the love our fathers bore
For liberty in days of yore;
By all the hills in this wide land,
Where tyrant's foot could never stand;
By all the heroes who have died
Freely on trampled freedom's side;
By all the voices God implants
In the free soul for right that pants;
By all the joys and all the woes,
By all of human hopes and throes
That yet within your bosom live
Now, to the world your answer give!

SCOTLAND, Nov. 1844.

ODE TO THE ANGLO-AMERICAN CHURCH ON
CASTE AND SLAVERY.

BY AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN.

What ties can equal those which bind
The mother to her newborn child,
Rivet her heart, and chain her mind
To that lov'd babe, so weak, so mild!

How watchfully her gentle eye
Follows through each succeeding year;

How bright her smile—how deep her sigh

Of eager hope or anxious fear.

How wildly throbs the mother's heart

When fate ordains that they must part,

And bids her child unaided brave

The storms of life's tempestuous wave!

How sad her grief—how keen her shame

If, deaf to conscience, dead to fame,

That child her cherished hopes belie,

Betray his country or his God deny.

Such hast thou done.—Thy words I wot

Are bold and honest, free and fair.

The amaranth chapter's on thy brow;

But, oh! the canker nestles there.

And thou art seated 'neath the tree—

The tree of life—and pluck'st the fruit,

And wot not look, and canst not see

That death is busy at the root.

Thik'st thou that words with Gov avail,

Where deeds of love and mercy fail;

That go-dy foms and holy creeds

Atone for evil thoughts and deeds;

That faith, however pure and high,

Can change the sinner's destiny,

Unless he, first repentence show,

And learn the right to do, as well as know.

He who his Lord's commandment knew,

And did it not, shall suffer more.

The barren fatal coldly true

* Hath darker, fiercer woes in store.

Thy sons, O Nineveh, shall rise

In judgment at that awful hour

*Gainst those who saw with heedless eyes

His truth, His goodness, and His power.

And darker than Gomorrah's doom

Shall be the fate Cappernam;

And deeper in the lake of fire

Chorozin sink than heathen Tyre;

And darker, darker, darker still.

The derry dungeon they shall fill,

Who Christ's in name, deud outvive

The foulest crimes of heathen days gone by.

Hark! to the ery whose shuddering wail,

In fearful tones of mingled pain,

Borne on the horse south-western gale,

Sweeps o'er the wide Atlantic main.

The groans of those who bear that yoke,

Whose tortures soul and body feel,

The victim's cry beneath the stroke,

The burning brand, the melting steel,

The infant sever'd from the breast,

Its fount of life—its couch of rest;

The ties which God forbids to sever,

Desp'it, neglected, rent forever;

The helpless maiden's virgin charms,

Doom'd by the hammer to the villain's arms;

And all which marks that system well,

The foulest blot of earth—the masterpiece of hell!

And can it be thy treacherous ear

Is deaf to nature's piercing cry—

And canst thou, pause, or doubt, or fear

To raise thy warning voice on high?

Yes!—Then caust hear with frigid air

The widow's wail, the victim's groan;

Nor pause even here, but boldly dare

To make the shame and guilt thine own.

Thy voice, alas, not simply still

I heard defending deeds of ill;

Thy arm is bar'd in open light

Against the cause of truth and right;

And thou hast dard—oh crime, whose dark excess

Thou hast can overpass or speech express)

To weave with hellish thread the west divine,

And place the price of blood upon JEHOVAH's shrine!

Child of our fond and ardent love,

Child of our anxious hope and fear,

Think on the martyr'd saints above

Who weep thy guilt with many a tear.

What! Did they dread the tyrant's frown?

What! Did they fear the infuriate crowd?

Or at an id'l'shine bow down

Because his votaries tongues were loud?

Not such the hearts of those whose names

Are hallow'd by the heathen's flames;

Whose spirits rose on angel wings

Unto the mighty King of kings.

Of stronger, sterner element were made

The living stones on Zion's walls display'd;

They fear'd not man's command to chain or slay;

Their's was a mightier fear—they fear'd the judgment day!

Queen of the Western world, reign!

Hark, and receive the victim's prayer;

Belov'd, though guilty child, repent

Whilst mercy still hath power to spare.

Thy days are number'd—on the wall

The hand begins to write even now;

Refuse—delay—and thou shalt fall

With Cain's own brand upon thy brow.

Then let thy hand no longer hold

The reddish blood-polluted gold;

And let thy heart no longer cling

In fondness to the accused thing.

No more by guilt or fear deter'd,

Loud be the voice of warning heard;

And let the glorious burden be

JESUS HATH RISEN, AND MAN IS FREE!

Miscellany.

From Hood's Magazine.

INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF A DAY'S TRIP TO CALAIS.

BY F. O. WARD.

[CONCLUDED.]

After breakfast, next morning, I walked down to the Great Place, in the centre of the town, and found the weekly market going on.

Market-day, in a French provincial town, is like a morning call paid by Agriculture to Commerce. The country-folks visit the citizens, not merely to barter the fruits of the soil for the produce of human industry, but to interchange pleasant conversation and mutual civilities. As I went up and down, first among the stalls of fruit, and vegetables, and flowers, from the country, then among the towns-people's booths of calico, and crockery, and hardware, I overheard many a cheerful snatch of gossip between the stout, bronzed peasant-girl, and the fair, and slender Calaisienne: the former, decked out in her red stuff-skirt, blue stockings, striped jerkin, and bright hood of printed calico, formed corner-wise over the head; the latter, usually enveloped in a stuff cloak, clasped close about the neck, and always bearing her marketing-basket in her hand.

The extreme vivacity—the smiles and eager gesticulations with which these good folks negotiated every bargain; the enthusiasm which they threw into the description of a cauliflower's beauty—or the sale of a bunch of lettuces; the merry laughter and animated discussions with which the intervals of their dealing were filled up, distinguished the whole proceeding from the phlegmatic trafficking of our English books, and made it seem more like some fete, or flower-show, than a mere weekly market.

I was watching a remarkably handsome flower-girl, who stood, with glowing cheeks and hairy, sparkling eyes, arranging her bunches of flowers on a narrow stall,

"—a rose

In roses, mingled with her fragrant toil."

She had let a nosegay fall, and laughing, was in act to pick it up,—when the apparition of a creature, the most hideous in human form that I ever beheld, diverted my regard.

It was a little old woman, bent nearly double; her face a formless mass of fifth-nerusted wrinkles; her eyes, two small red holes, with tarnished lead at the bottom; her mouth, a blue slit; her covering a heap of loathsome rags. In one hand she carried a basket, the other she stretched forth for alms. Mumbling and jabbering to herself, she moved slowly through the market, renewing at every stall her mute, mechanical appeal, and scarcely ever, I observed, in vain. One gave her a potato, another an onion, others an apple, a lettuce, a carrot: I saw no one give her money. She returned not thanks, but mumbled continually to herself; and whatever she received, she threw, as if by instinct, into the basket. The flower-girl gave her a rose-bud, making signs to her to smell it. She did not even look at it, but, still mumbling, dropped it into the basket with the rest.

When he withdrew his thumb, I observed that central spot of the print was darkened and worn by his visits—as a shrine by pilgrim knees.

"You like fighting?" I inquired.

"As contrarie—je le deteste!" said he, with emphasis.

"If we're alive," said I, pointing, "would you follow him to battle?"

"A' enfer!" he exclaimed.

"And why, if you abhor fighting?"

"Because it would be Napoleon!"

"But how came you to care so much for him, if you hate fighting?"

"Mon Dieu! how do I know. I loved him the first day I saw him."

"When was that?"

"We had drawn up for review. We were conscripts. I did not know the exercise. I was sixteen."

"I trembled at the thought of fighting. He rode down the ranks. There was a smile on his face. As he passed, he cried, Courage, mes enfans! soyez braves, et nous serons fiers vous soldats—vous autres aussi!"

"But how came you to care so much for him, if you hate fighting?"

"Mon Dieu! how do I know. I loved him the first day I saw him."

"And when was that?"

"I stood up a trap-door; and by a ladder climbed into the chamber above; I following."

It was a great lantern, glazed with thick plate glass. A vertical axis, rising in the middle, supported on transverse arms six lamps with burnished reflectors, which turned steadily round, and made one revolution, (as he told me,) in every minute and a half.

At length the servant-girl, hesitating much, and fumbling long in her pocket, her eyes half closed, read her lesson:

"Jesus Maria priez pour Nous et nos Peches."

Herein lay the mystery; and the fruit-woman's animated explanation divulged how she had done it with a pin when the apple was yet young; how the wounds, healing up, left brown scars; and how the letters and the fruit enlarged together—not without a certain crooking and contortion of the former.

The reflectors, concentrating the light, shed a misty, luminous streak obliquely downward through the air, like a ray from behind a cloud. This ray moved slowly in a vast circle round the town; now searching along the ramparts; now lighting with a mysterious gleam the roofs of distant houses. And still, as it travelled, object after object leapt into sudden relief out of the void—as at a creative touch—re-lapsing with equal suddenness to blank obscurity. One moment a sentinel was revealed—the next, a red chimney, with its curling smoke—then a gleam window—then a tree. Once in every revolution, the faint white rays—softhanded, and half dimmed with the drooping curtains, and the dark shadows of the room—drew the eye to the full, bright sun.

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